But to my minde, though I am native here
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honour'd in the breach than the obſervance:
This heavie-headed revell East and West
Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other Nations;
They clepe us Drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soile our addition: and indeed it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute:
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot chooſe his origen)
By their ore-growth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit that too much ore-leavens
The forme of plauſive manners, that theſe men
Carrying I ſay the ſtampe of one defect,
Being Natures livery, or Fortunes ſtarre,
His vertues elſe be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergoe,
Shall in the generall cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eaſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt
To his owne ſcandall. *Enter Ghoſt.*

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee aires from heaven, or blaſts from hel,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape
That I will ſpeake to thee; Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, royall *Dane*: O anſwere me,
Let me not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in death
Have burſt their cerements: why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath op't his ponderous and marble jawes,

To caſt thee up againe: what may this meane
That thou dead coarſe againe in complete ſteele
Reviſites thus the glimpſes of the moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſoules?
Say why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we doe?

Hora. It beckens you to goe away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not ſpeake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what ſhould be the feare?
I doe not ſet my life at a pins fee:
And for my ſoule, what can it doe to that,
Being a thing immortall like it ſelfe?
It waves me forth againe, Ile follow it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull ſomnet of the cleefe,
That bettels ore his baſe into the ſea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your ſoveraignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe? thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of deſperation
Without more motive, into every braine,
That lookes ſo many fadomes to the ſea,
And heares it roare beneath.

Ham. It waves me ſtill,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.

Ham. My fate cryes out,
And makes each petty artery in this body